



## WHAT WONDERING BRINGS

Marla Zollinger Russell

**W**hen Jim left that morning the door clicked behind him, leaving the house sitting silently. Taira picked up her nightgown off their bedroom floor and thought "fold it neatly," then stuffed it into a drawer filled with some knotted and some carefully folded clothes. She took the toys out of the tub, left from little April's bath, stood with them in her arms, and saw her own round familiar baby face in the mirror, her skin looking old and dry. In her imagination her mother appeared—slim, near fifty, wearing no make-up on her ageless skin. "Fifty, but younger than me!" Taira thought.

In the living room, she crawled around on the floor, gathered more toys and tossed them into a box. The room grew in dignity. The night before, a woman selling make-up had had to tiptoe over them to the corner chair. Taira had flipped through the pamphlet seeing wet-looking, larger-than-life lips and nails, then said, "I wish I could buy something but I—" Her voice had fallen to a mumble, and the woman tiptoed out smiling a thick

burgundy-lipped good-bye, leaving the air sweet. Taira reached under the sofa and pulled out a block. She wondered what the woman had thought of her, if she had thought of her at all. She felt a vague desire pass through her so she got up and opened the refrigerator door and saw the pie, yellow and creamy, covered with cellophane. She visualized herself opening the fridge each day and seeing it become smaller piece by piece, knowing that her husband had eaten it. Very respectable. Then again, she visualized herself wiping the pie's last crumbs off the tin into the dish water the next evening, feeling full. At that, she imagined how her mother would raise her eyebrows, thinking—very unrespectable. But, very sweet; Taira took the pie out of the fridge and cut herself a portion, remembering Jim say, a few months before April was born, "It really bothers me that you eat dessert at 9:00 in the morning. The baby is being made out of junk food—think about it." As she ate big bites of banana cream, she quickly forgot Jim and remembered long ago making pies out of mashed weeds and wet sand. She

turned on the TV, sat on the sofa with her second piece of pie, and watched a woman in leotards exercise, then look straight through the screen to Taira with praise and promises of "a little behind." Taira, in response, turned towards the clock. Close to ten.

While dusting the dull stereo cover until it was translucent again, she wondered enviously what Wendy looked like now that she had lost twenty-five pounds. For as long as she could remember Taira had been somewhat overweight. "Kind of pudgy," Jim had said a few times, like a joke, when he hugged her. For a while she made dresses from "Slenderizing Patterns," but when she saw herself reflected in a store window, her dress looking like a loose bag, she felt a bit sick. She "buried" the dresses at the unused-clothes side of the closet, thinking, "I didn't really wear those, did I?" When ever she saw them while hunting for lost dirty clothes on the closet floor she hoped that no one had seen her wearing them.

She plucked some dead leaves from the dying plant, and some from the floor beneath it. Since the plant had been letting leaves fall she had picked many of them, soggy, black, and rotten-looking from her baby's tongue. Each time she saw a drooling wad of death in April's mouth, she imagined her choking, while she matched the corners of folded washcloths piled in the cupboard, or ironed a pillowcase, beyond sight.

At 10:30 the house seemed too silent. She turned on the TV again, and a man's voice spoke of a father who worked in France while his family lived in Angola. She watched the man bustle through his apartment picking up things and putting them away. "... In his isolation he must keep busy in order to avoid thinking. ..." Taira felt sorry for him, then went into the bathroom. She spread cleanser over the bathroom porcelain, saw her arms moving easily in front of her and sighed somewhat happily—glad that she was up working without the familiar, subtle resistance of her muscles. Sometimes Taira could hardly get up even to wipe a spill of April's. Then, hours later, she would chip it off the floor, the milk having dried to plastic.

A whimper came through the bedroom door, so Taira stopped cleaning and went behind the door to her daughter. April's cheeks dimpled upon seeing her, and she reached to get out of the cagelike crib. Taira lifted her up and out, watching her daughter's wordless, smiling face.

**U**nder the sign, "Mark your own prices, and SAVE," Taira found a full black wax pen and pushed the cart past the Halloween masks. April twisted over the edges of the cart, whining and trying to grab the passing people, cereal, and rubber gloves, until her mother gave her the car keys which she fingered and put into her mouth. Taira found her way through the maze of women, carts, and displays, feeling somewhat tense. Slashed-open cardboard boxes piled on both sides of her contained the items to buy; some items had been tossed around, crushed and scribbled upon with greasy, black numbers.

"Carol would find this store unbearably ugly," she thought, then imagined Carol in a carpeted grocery store picking up a package of lobster tails. Lost in the day dream, Taira watched Carol cock her head to the side a bit in sudden awareness that across the country in a dis-

count store in the spaghetti aisle, Taira stood, with too little money in her wallet for even the basics. Carol shook her head slightly, then thought no more of it as she moved on to the pastries.

Taira shook her head slightly too, then picked up a box of noodles and wrote a lower number on it than the master label indicated. Very unrespectable. But, very helpful. She moved down the aisle slowly, remembering the year with Carol in her art class at their small high school in Emery County, which broke some of the windy emptiness of southern Utah.

That was the year that she had loved art. She had loved it because she was in love with her teacher, Brother, no, Brian Adams. He had curly blond hair, which was beginning to get thin on top. Taira loved it that way because it would fly around wildly. He had green eyes and a slow smile that would come on his face after a student's comment, like he knew some hilarious tangent he could take them on but would resist. From the first day of class Taira had wanted to touch his hand, walk near him, go with him somewhere. She remembered feeling all out of character that year. Out of character within herself, and in minor details of her life. She had learned to drive then, and always drove one-handed. Her left hand held the wheel, while her right hand caressed and played with the stick shift on the floor, ready always, after each stop sign in town, to race from low gear higher, and then higher. What a difference it was from being driven everywhere she went! The trees seemed to fly by, she remembered, and the world seemed friendlier that year, full of pleasurable imaginings. As she dressed those mornings she would think of him, imagining him perhaps dimming the lights and then coming back by her desk, where the projector was, to discuss the paintings on the screen in his low, warm voice. She was aware then of every breath he took. She chose her clothes and rings with him in mind and left her house each day unbuttoning two buttons on her blouse for him.

But then Taira remembered also standing by the door after class, waiting most days, as Carol stayed after, talking to Brian, though he meant little to her. She used to watch them look at each other and feel a bit sick. In the spring when he began to wear a wedding band she wondered often what his wife was like. Then school ended, and months later, at the end of the summer, she and Carol visited the Art Museum in Springville and laughed later over lunch, with relief, each having admitted they felt nothing as they looked at the paintings. Taira recounted again how Carol soon after moved away, met, and married a rich man. And then, slowly, she wondered once more what Brian remembered of her, if he remembered her at all.

She looked down at April in the cart and noticed that her penciled name was being drooled off her keys. She saw April's bright eyes catching all the colorful people.

**T**he afternoon had slipped away from her somehow, as usual. Where did it go? For part of it she had let April out onto the fenced-in porch, and sat on the wood floor, that was in need of painting, and watched her play. That's all, and the hours passed. Once she looked up from there and the bars surrounding herself and April reminded her of a big playpen.

Now she was already fixing dinner. While she

worked, she listened to a man speaking on TV. "... the bombing had commenced, and the United States was caught sleeping and flat-footed. The Japanese Admiral turned and looked out to the ocean with a faraway look in his eyes, he said, 'I fear lest we have awakened a sleeping giant with a terrible resolve...' I think it is time we should all awaken!" She turned around and the speaker pointed at the audience and brought his hand down on the podium for emphasis. Taira wondered how people could be sure enough of their ideas to present them to thousands over television. Lately she had noticed how ideas and facts floated around in her mind unattached to meaning or cause and effect. She rarely had the energy or desire to chase after them and fit them together properly, so they virtually disappeared, unattended. The landscape of her mind had become as vastly empty as Emery County, it seemed. And sometimes, after listening to a speech with Jim at the university, and knowing the silence in the car on the way home like a third person, she realized that she might be quite boring to others. She felt sure how best to peel the potato in her hand, but it was nothing to talk about.

Waiting for Jim to come home for dinner, April crawled around on the floor with great energy, nearing fanfare, only stopping now and then to inspect the carpet closely, and Taira lay down on the couch and shut her eyes.

The front door near the sofa kept opening as if by ghost hands. Cold air and people from the old neighborhood came in uninvited; they hovered over her and buzzed their opinions like insects. Their words were like irritating bites so she swatted at them with her dream arms. The door opened before their wraith-like forms as they left, and April crawled out after them. Alarmed, Taira strained to move but couldn't raise her leaden body up.

Jim opened the door, which seemed to be stuck, set down his school pack and picked up his daughter, who was playing beside her mother. Upon seeing Taira asleep, he whispered to April, "shhhh, my little girl," bent to kiss her, and noticed a green speck between her wet lips. He pulled out a stem that dragged a rotten black mass of dead leaf. "What the hell are you eating?" His voice shot into Taira's dream, breaking the spell. She sat slowly up, silently cursing her fatigue and the dead leaves that kept turning up in her daughter's mouth.

**A**fter dinner Taira collected the dirty silverware in the sink, filled it with water, and added soap. She thought of her mother's house, where the dishes were done promptly after dinner, the sparkling chrome, and white dry sinks were wonderful to see—they promised a new day to come, a future. She and Jim rarely saw sinks of that sort in their house. There were no such promises of the future there. If only he would help her, she always thought, just be sitting near her and tell her anything while she faced the sickening combinations the dinner could make on the discarded plates piled together in the sink. "Don't worry about food touching each other on the plate," her mother told her as a child when she worried about the peas and potatoes being too near each other, "it gets all mixed up in your stomach anyway." Food should never touch, Taira thought as she

scraped the dinner dishes. Usually she felt too tired to do the dishes completely after dinner, she would instead sit on the couch and watch TV, meaning to do them later, and later, oh, oh, its midnight, too late. And the next day would be spotted, unclean, cancelled already before it was born. As she was washing the dishes she remembered how she and her older sister Julie played in dish water. She scooped up suds into a big-holed strainer and blew through it into the kitchen. April rolled over and giggled watching the bubbles floating everywhere.

She stared at April's face, then turned and began the dishes not understanding how she ever got to be twenty-three years old, married, and now a mother; it seemed to have happened while she was looking the other way. She left the rest of the dishes to soak and got out the vacuum cleaner to suck away any little threads that were hiding in the brown shag rug.

"Maybe we should throw that dying plant out," she shouted to Jim through the noise. Apparently he couldn't hear. She imagined him saying, "Give it more time, maybe it will recover," rather than turning off the machine and finding him to see what he would really say. Afterward she got a rag out and dusted the leaves of the Dieffenbachia plant which sat on top of the piano. Her mother had put it there when she came for April's birth, saying, "It's very poisonous." Once when Taira couldn't get out of bed in the morning, she had thought of eating a leaf. But when she imagined her picture in the paper with the half eaten leaf, over the caption, "Woman Commits Suicide By Eating Poisonous Houseplant," she forgot the idea. She thought with envy of her father's exotic plants growing well under a lamp in his basement. When they flowered he placed them out for show all over his house. She wondered while she dusted if he loved her, or was proud of her for anything, but she couldn't think of what for.

**J**im and Taira sat together watching the news, and April lay on the floor sucking on an empty bottle, her eyes half closed, her toes wiggling. The top news story of the night showed a mob of outraged Americans beating an Iranian. Jim said, "It is really important that we show the rest of the world that Americans cannot be blackmailed—but we must do it peacefully." Taira thought he sounded like he was talking to himself, or to Congress, but not to her. But then, she rarely had anything to say about the news except a slow "wow," her eyes open wide, sadly overwhelmed.

Since April had begun to say "bye-bye," "momma," and "daddy," Taira had lost some of her own vocabulary by prompting her daughter, in simple words, over the months to speak. Recently, as Jim and she left for a few groceries during April's nap she had said, "Bye-bye house, see you," and waved. Jim looked at her with his eyebrows in a question, and she pretended it was a joke, and felt very strange.

The newscaster spoke of Iran, and Taira imagined her father screaming that Iran should be bombed off the face of the earth, then Jim and he arguing, then each muttering to himself, then the shudder of silence. To get it out of her mind she picked up April and left the living room to start winding up the day. She remembered her own mother saying night after night, "Go in and put your pj's on—time for bed." She and her older sister, Julie, would

run away and run back, zipped head to toe in woolly material to watch Woody Woodpecker. Then "off to bed," and they would go trotting off, with their Susie-walk-along doll between them. Their mother filled their room with prayer, and bound them securely in their beds, which were enclosed securely in the only house they ever knew, and sometimes she would sing a soft-winding melody through the darkness to them which soothed them into unconsciousness. Taira had loved every part of the ritual, and Julie only waited patiently for it to end. In Taira's mind, memories of Julie spliced together, and she watched her making friends with the Johnson kids when they were new neighbors; sitting at the kitchen table her face close to the paper working out math problems; giving her report cards to her parents to reward with silver dollars; and finally graduating from BYU in Political Science summa cum laude. As far as Taira could see, Julie had careful opinions about all that happened in the world and in her life. Taira worried again that Julie thought she had grown up to be a Barbie Doll.

She stopped dressing April, and sat still. It suddenly came to her that everything powerful passing through her was a repetition of some other time, and some other place. It made sense to her now that a few months before, in their living room, she had said to Jim, "If I lived here, I would put the pictures on the wall differently than we have them." "What do you mean—'If I lived here?'" he said, looking at her like she was crazy.

Sitting limply on the chest in April's room she felt memories of nothing had seeped into the tile and walls, and now hovered in the corners. The beige and yellow design on the tile began to look like vomit. Staring at it, she saw peripherally the walls begin to breathe in and out, as though warming up to spew her out. When she looked at them they were still. The air was cold and smelled strange. She thought, there and then, that it was a waste and wrong for her to wonder over and over what other's thought, and did, and were. Wondering brought nothing. Nothing brought wondering. The words circled in her mind while she watched April roll around at her feet.

Jim stood in the doorway and saw her from the back pulling a nightgown over April's head. He said, "Let's go to bed early tonight, honey."  
"Sounds good, I'm so tired."

He came to her and rubbed her neck and shoulders, "I was in watching the news and it suddenly came to me how little I've been with you lately." He played with her hair and whispered in her ear about coming to bed soon, his breath tickled her until she had to press her ear against his face, giggling in relief. He left for bed to wait for her.

She tucked April in and sang softly, "Turn your eyes far away child," a song that brought stars and pirate ships to her childhood nights. When the room felt full of ships and stars she quietly shut the door. She washed her face, brushed her teeth, and dreamed for a long time in to the mirror, seeing far into her green eyes. There was nothing stopping her. Then straightening the towels she thought how glad she was that it was night, time to snuggle into her husband, be enclosed in his arms away from everyone, and fall asleep. Coming out of the bath-

room she noticed more toys in the living room and went to them. When she saw her stomach as she undressed in the bedroom, she thought of Wendy and felt guilty she hadn't been on a diet that day.

He put down the book he was reading and looked up at her with disappointment. Immediately she realized how long she'd let him wait. If she let herself, at the end of each day she could go from one room to the next trying to straighten up, not really doing much, but remaining buried in cleaning and strings of memories for hours. Her mind often was at high noon just when it was time to go to bed.

"Taira, come here to me, I want to talk to you." She sat by him on the bed.

"I've been reading Dr. Zhivago." He watched her face and touched her hands while he spoke.

"That's nice," she said, scared of what he would say next.

"A lot of memories have come back to me tonight about a period of my life before I met you. I want to tell you this because I have to know something. I remembered the girls I knew then, and I don't want to hurt you or sound vain, but I remembered how attracted they were to me, and how we talked together. The more I lay here waiting tonight, the more I remembered—and missed." She knew she looked scared. "I don't want anyone else," he went on, "I want you. I also remembered tonight how often when I'm away from you I think of you—about how you are, and the feel of you—and I want to come home." He waited for awhile, looked at the book; Taira thought he would cry. "But when I come home I don't feel that you know I'm around. Do you know what I'm saying? Do you know what's wrong?"

After a moment Taira squeaked, "I don't know anything except I'm really sorry." Then she got up and turned off the light, fumbled into bed imagining how great a love Julie's husband felt from Julie. She slid over to Jim, put her arms around him and wondered who the girls were that Jim used to know. She kissed him, then realized that they weren't really alone. She concentrated hard trying to send Julie, her husband, her parents, and Jim's old girlfriends away, visualizing them walking into their homes and shutting their doors behind them. Finally the neighborhood of her mind was empty, and silent. In a moment its sky turned an evening blue. Then it was only she and Jim there in bed.

In her dream that night she came into a large courtroom in which her mother and father loomed tall above her on thrones. She had come before them to guess the life that she should lead. They knew, and they summoned her and required her to guess, so she crawled the stairs before them and kneeled down. Since she couldn't guess yet, she lay her head down at their feet and felt many quiet years pass as she slept.

Finally she awoke and was shocked to discover that her parents had gone. She had not guessed yet! Instead she lay quite stiff under a black sky before a brightly-lit open door. People stepped over her without looking down and entered the bright room, beautifully dressed. In the group she saw her parents, Wendy, who now was thin, Brian and his wife, her sister Julie with her husband, her friend Carol. Jim and April came out from the group to look at a painting on the wall and in a moment

looked obviously moved. Taira rejoiced at what a lovely and graceful woman her daughter had become. Then Taira began to cry as she remembered April also must have stepped over her through the door. No one, not even her husband or daughter had come to help her out of the night.

Out in the wet night the wind howled and softly chanted and blew the door shut. Its tone evolved; it told her, it beckoned, it pitied, mocked, and died. The last breeze said, "And nothing poured upon her shore. Nothing, and nothing more." And the night was years.

**S**truggling to move, she awoke, her face wet, every part of her in pain. She cracked her arms at the elbows and tried to rub life into herself. The digital clock whirred forward once a minute; she watched the numbers, they were the only light. She breathed loudly and felt she would be sick as she remembered the wind's words and swore the walls of the apartment breathed within her. She got out of bed to break the spell, and tiptoed into April's room. Strange moonlight lit the rug making dead leaves appear all over the floor. Taira walked through them, lifted the blanket off April, slipped her fingers under her, and brought her to her body. She sat in the rocking chair and studied April's face lit by the moon. It wrinkled into a frown, then loosened into sleep again. She remembered Christmas Eve of the previous year, when after the presents and candles they had unknowingly summoned this child to live with them. In April's face there was promise of Taira's nose, pillowy mouth, wide eyes, but the whole face was veiled in a softer fineness. Noticing it Taira spontaneously wanted to throw April away, to get into the crib herself and begin over again. She held April closely with weak arms and rocked and rocked, the chair squeaking back and forth, a slow clock. She breathed into April's face about her fears and hopes and being sorry, then put her back into her crib for the night.

**J**im woke up when she got back into bed and said, "What are you doing up? Are you ok?" "I don't know," came out of her in a whine, "I had a bad dream."

"Shhh," he whispered as if to a baby, then stroked her, and slowly purred into her ear, "You'll be all right, you'll be all right," until he was gone, leaving her relaxed and alone. Feeling better in his arms, her mind drifted. She thought of watching the news the night before, of the American mob attacking the single Iranian man, and at that moment she realized it was a familiar scene to her. She tried to think of why and remembered she had twice dreamed that a mob had dragged her naked and screaming into a dark wood to kill her for some hidden crime. Lying in the dark, thinking of all her strange dreams, she felt she must have committed some crime in her life, unaware. It had both aged her and kept her young in awful ways. She grew cold, got up and unfolded two more quilts onto her side of the bed. Her feet and fingers felt like fragile ice as she lay there searching her life for crimes. She saw a girl who had treated life as only a conveyor belt to death, upon which one waits quietly.

Before dawn her mind returned again to mobs, remembering the kids in the old neighborhood as a kind of

mob, always tormenting someone. She remembered Peter the Waterhead—that was his kindest name. He had a disease which made fluid collect in his skull and it pushed his head bigger than normal people's. No one was certain if he knew he was being teased or not because he wore hearing aides, his glasses were so thick, and he stared ahead never saying a word. She remembered his swollen, wordless face looking deathly, like hers, in its silence. Tears rolled off her cheeks.

She stopped crying. With a great sense of power, Taira created at a distant horizon of the arid expanse of her mind, a place she called Taira's Hell. She collected her images of her respectable mother, Carol, Brian, Julie, and the silence that had become most of her, and consigned them to Hell, sending them to it one by one. By damn, out you go! After they had gone, she was emptier still though peacefully less driven and haunted. Maybe she would feel like she did when she was seventeen, learning to drive new places by herself.

She lay open-eyed with a few new thoughts until morning, waiting to talk.

MARLA ZOLLINGER RUSSELL studied English at BYU. She is the mother of one son.



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# A W A R D S

## 1981 SUNSTONE FICTION CONTEST

### FIRST PLACE

Eileen Gibbons Kump

The Ladder

### SECOND PLACE

Marla Zollinger Russell

What Wondering Brings

### THIRD PLACE

Donald R. Marshall

Lavender Blue

### HONORABLE MENTION

Linda Sillitoe

Demons

Patricia Hart Molen

The Growler and Sandra House

Ann Edwards Cannon

Separate Prayers

Sunstone was once again gratified by the number of excellent entries submitted to this year's fiction contest. On behalf of D. K. Brown, the first place winner will receive \$500; the second place winner \$250; and the third place winner \$100. "The Ladder" and "What Wondering Brings" are included in this issue. Other fiction entries will be published in future issues.

### 1982 D. K. Brown Memorial Fiction Contest

In honor of the contest's sponsor, next year's competition will carry the name of D. K. Brown. Contest winners will receive cash prizes totalling \$1000. The first place story will be published in SUNSTONE.

SUNSTONE encourages any interested writer to submit material. All entries should in some manner relate to the experience of the Latter-day Saints. All varieties of theme, tone, and attitude are encouraged. Both traditional and experimental forms will be considered. High literary quality is mandatory. Entries are judged by a board of five independent judges.

### Rules

1. The D. K. Brown Memorial Fiction Contest is open to all writers. Entries must be delivered to the SUNSTONE office or postmarked by 1 October 1981.
2. Papers must be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of 8½ by 11 inch paper (not onionskin). Since manuscripts will not be returned, contestants should keep a copy and send in the original. The stories should not exceed 6,000 words. One author may submit no more than three stories.
3. Each entry must be accompanied by a signed statement from the author attesting that it is the contestant's original work, that it is not being considered elsewhere for publication, that it has not won another contest, and that it will not be submitted elsewhere until the contest results have been announced.
4. Announcement of winning entries will be made in the January/February 1982 issue of the magazine. SUNSTONE reserves the right to publish at some time in the future all articles submitted but is not obligated to do so; it reserves the right to make editorial changes as needed in published entries.
5. Prizes will be awarded as follows:  
First prize, \$500  
Second prize, \$250  
Third prize, \$100  
Three honorable mentions, \$50 each

### Remembering D. K. Brown

I Am a Policeman

The framework of law within which I operate is not an exact measure. As imperfect laws of men, I find them difficult to apply with exactitude in every situation. I fear that in the exercising of my authority, I might do injustice to one of those whom God has commanded that I love. So frequently I am called upon to make judgments beyond my wisdom for which the book of laws has not given precise answers. It is in these moments of doubt and indecision . . . that I turn to God in prayer, invoking a higher power whose laws are exact because they are eternal, and draw from a wisdom greater than mine to find a solution.

D. K. Brown, 1968

The editors of SUNSTONE are pleased to honor the memory of Donald Kenneth Brown, in whose behalf the SUNSTONE Fiction Contest is sponsored each year. A nationally respected law enforcement official and locally admired religious leader, Bishop Brown, or D. K. as he was known to friends and co-workers, had an intense love for literature. Blessed with a remarkable memory, as a child he committed lengthy poems to memory. Later, his memory and literary interests helped launch his career as a college journalist at Arizona State University in Tempe, where he majored in English and Business Administration, represented the major wire services as the campus correspondent, and was editor of the college paper. During his editorship, he transformed the weekly campus newspaper into a combined city and college paper—the only paper in Tempe at that time.

Soon after his graduation in 1935, he laid the groundwork for an "Arizona" magazine. However, America had not yet recovered from the Depression, and, after several weeks, the aspiring editor and his staff became convinced that the time was not right. "My career in this field," reminisced Brown, "was cut short by the comparative salaries of a cub reporter (\$12 per week) and that paid by the FBI (\$30 per week)."

Consequently, he entered the FBI as a clerk and three years later was appointed to be a Special Agent. This was the beginning of a career in law enforcement which lasted forty years and took him all over the United States. Upon his retirement in 1968, he was honored as having been an Agent in Charge for more years than any other person in the history of the FBI.

After his retirement, Brown was called to be bishop of the Jacksonville, Florida, Sixth Ward. At the same time, the city of Jacksonville was changing to a consolidated government, and he was asked to serve, first as Chief of Police, and then as Under-sheriff of the new government during the transition period. He remained with the department longer than he had intended, always somewhat torn between the challenges he enjoyed in law enforcement and the desire he had to devote more time to Church service. Just a few years before his death, he told a visiting Church authority that he wanted to spend all of his time as bishop and asked if it would be wise to resign from his police responsibilities. He was advised to continue his secular and ecclesiastical duties, testifying of the truthfulness of the gospel at every opportunity.

The police chapel in Jacksonville, named in memory of D. K. Brown, serves as a fitting memorial to the fact that until his death in 1975 he did both.